

Hopper/Heather/Steve Drabbles by Mileena

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Summary:

Just a collection of fluff and romance when Steve and Hopper both agree to date Heather

There could be some NSFW at some point if these drabbles interest anyone at all and you like them

1. Movie Night

Hopper was the first to arrive for movie night at her apartment. Heather was excited to have the boys both over for some movie and cuddles on a chilly, fall Friday night. He knocked and opened the door, used to coming right in since she had given him and Steve both keys. Moving to the door where he was shedding his jacket, Heather greeted him with a kiss, melting against him as he wrapped his strong arms around her.

“Well hello to you too” he smiled, his moustache tickling her lips as he growled lightly against her, not inching back far so he could easily move right back in for another kiss. She finally pulled away and let him move into her small apartment. She rented an over-the-garage apartment from her aunt, Claudia Henderson. It wasn’t much, but it was home. Handing her a bag from the grocery store, he settled onto the overstuffed cozy couch she had traded her armchair in for, once she actually had some visitors come around.

“You remembered!” Heather said happily and grabbed out the contents of the paper bag; two containers of stove top Jiffy-Pop popcorn and some Reeses Peanut Butter cups.

“I know you can’t have movie night without snacks, and I know those are your favourites” Jim said, kicking his shoes off and setting them to the side of the couch, stretching out. Heather set the bag down and went over to curl up next to him on the couch. His hand moved around her shoulders and pulled her in tight to his chest, his other hand moving up to run through her long brown hair. Biting his lower lip, he couldn’t seem to hold back, and pulled her face to his for another long, deep kiss that left them both breathless.

Their make out session was cut short with another soft knock to the door, followed by the click of the doorknob as Steve let himself in as well. “Sorry I’m late, I grabbed a couple of pizzas and the pizza place was packed tonight” he explained. Setting the boxes down on the countertop by the popcorn and Reeses, he unsnapped his varsity jacket and draped it by the door by Hopper’s. “You miss me, princess?” he asked with a smooth smile and held his arms open for Heather to run into his arms as well. Giving him a long kiss to assure

him that she had, he playfully nipped at her neck and moved toward the couch, nodding to Hopper. "I got a cheese and a pepperoni, eat up while it's hot" he smiled to Hop.

Heather grabbed plates and dished out the slices for them all, and Hopper asked "Whose turn is it to pick?" but he already had a grimace because he was pretty sure he knew.

"Oh that would be mine. And what better to watch on a crisp, fall night but John Carpenter's Halloween? Curled up with my two favourite men in the world?" Heather asked with a big grin as she handed them their plates. Both guys faked a smile for her sake because they knew it was one of her favourites. She took a bite of her pizza and turned the tv on, getting the VHS tape ready.

Soon enough, the lights were dimmed and the dishes were in the sink, a popped tin of Jiffy-Pop sat on the small table beside them. Heather had resumed her position, curled up next to Hopper, and his arm reached protectively around her, offering her safety and comfort, even at the jump scare moments. Steve stretched out on the rest of the couch, his head in Heather's lap as he watched Michael Meyers wreak havoc on the screen.

Absently, her left hand moved to his hair, running her fingers through his thick, perfectly styled mane, drawing a contented sigh from Steve as he nuzzled against her lap. Her right hand crossed her body and her fingers entwined with Hop's strong fingers, as he held her tightly. Leaning his body toward her, he planted a kiss on the top of her head.

She could hear the wind outside pick up, feel it rushing around the above-ground apartment. And here she was, so cozy, warm and loved. Cuddled up with not one but two men who adored her and would do anything for her. How did she get so lucky? She knew she would never trade a night like this for anything, and she hoped it would never end.

2. Had a Bad Day

Heather was pacing the short length of the counter at the Fair Mart. She rarely had a bad day there, but today was just one of those days. She didn't know if it was because there had been a full moon last night, or if the fall weather brought shorter daylight hours and that had people more cranky, or if somewhere there were just some planets out of alignment. Whatever the reason, the bad mood of the majority had started rubbing off on her. To top it off, her replacement was late and she hadn't even gotten a phone call to know if the girl was still coming or not.

Giving a frustrated huff as the door opened, she looked up, her bad mood plastered all over her face, to see it was no regular customer at all. In fact, it was Hopper. "Woah, hey. What's with the grumpy face?" he asked, good naturedly.

"Oh you know.. every other customer has decided to bite my head off for .. pick a reason.. the gas pumps went down not once but twice, and of course that was my fault, and now my replacement is late too." Heather couldn't keep the frustration from her voice, but she tried hard not to sound too snappy with Hop. It wasn't his fault her day had been so shitty.

"Aww baby I'm sorry. Hey, why don't you come over to my place when she shows up? I bet we can turn your frown upside down" Hopper teased her a little, gently prodding at the corner of her mouth. Despite herself, this did cause a giggle.

"I don't know. Maybe I should just go home and go to bed, the way this day has been. I'd hate to let it rub off on you" she said, leaning over, elbows on the counter, chin in her hands. But Hop wasn't taking no for an answer.

"Nonsense. I think we can do something for you. I'm sure your replacement will be along shortly, just head over afterward, ok? Promise me." He said. She grinned, her brown eyes twinkling.

"You're too good to me. Okayyy I'll stop by" she promised.

"That's my girl" Hopper said, and leaned over, kissing the top of her head. He headed out, and she watched him go, wondering what he had in store. Two hours later, her replacement showed up, apologizing profusely, but Heather just nodded and made her exit as fast as possible. She was now pretty late getting to Hopper's and she was even more annoyed.

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Pulling in, she saw the Blazer there and Steve's car. Her lip pulled at the corner in a smile. She knocked but opened the door right away and walked in. "Hello?" she asked. Steve came out from the bathroom.

"Ah the guest of honour has arrived. Come here, princess" he said, pulling her into his arms. Feeling some of her anxiety melt away as his arms cuddled her close, Heather nestled against his neck. "Hopper said you had a pretty shitty day and we had to do something about that" Steve said softly.

Breaking the fantastic hug, he helped her out of her jean jacket and tossed it to the couch. Steve led her to the bathroom, she smiled and a little surprised "aww!" escaped her mouth. They had drawn her a hot bath. Setting next to the tub was a couple of lit candles and a cassette player. Steve hit play and the low, soft tones of her favourite rock ballads came on. "Oh my gosh.. this.. is so sweet" she said. Steve kissed her forehead and whispered near her ear "You just relax. I'm gonna go help Hopper in the kitchen" Heather raised an eyebrow, but Steve held a finger to her lips and turned, closing the bathroom door behind him.

She undressed and had slipped into the hot water as quickly as she could. In a bit, the door opened again. Hopper came in, carrying some towels fresh from the dryer. "Did I get the water the right degree of scald-your-skin for you?" he chuckled. Heather nodded with a huge smile on her face. "Good" he smiled. Setting the towels down, he came behind her and his big rough hands found her shoulders. "Oh yeah, I can tell what a bad day it was" Hopper said, slowly rubbing at the tense knots he found in her shoulders. Heather's eyes fluttered.

“Ohh that feels amazing” she cooed. Once he had worked some magic on her shoulders, she got out and toweled off, loving the fresh dried towels. Hopper left her to get dressed, and she came out to the living room to see what the big mystery was Steve had been hinting at. Soon, she found that the two of them had been cooking for her.

“Lasagna! You guys!” she said happily. Steve set a plate down in front of her.

“We thought .. what better comfort food...” he said with a smile.

“And you did so well” she returned his smile and leaned up to give him a little kiss. Hopper brought in a basket of breadsticks, fresh from the oven, and a bottle of wine and they all sat down together at the table. Happily, the guys didn’t talk about work with her at all. They talked about plans for the weekend and tried to decide what they were going to do for Halloween. After dinner, Steve and Hopper set her down between them and turned on the TV, watching some of Heather’s favourite sitcoms for the night. As Magnum P.I. came on after Cheers, Heather layed down, her head in Steve’s lap. His fingers played with her long brown hair while Hopper rubbed her feet.

“Honestly, I don’t know how I got so lucky” Heather mumbled sleepily, loving the attention she was getting.

“We’re just glad our girl is feeling better” Hopper said softly. She drifted off to sleep, and soon all three of them had fallen asleep, cuddled on the couch.

3. Hawkins Fall Festival

The annual Hawkins Fall Festival was in full swing. Autumnal ambiance was flowing from every square inch of the fairgrounds where it was being held. There was a cider tent, with both spiked and kid friendly versions being sold. The smell of grilling sausages and onions filled the air. Booths selling spiced apples and doughnuts, and others selling crafts of all types, were decorated with fall leaves and pumpkins.

Another area of the fair grounds held some rides. Much like the Fourth of July fairs, there were a selection of rides from the Scrambler to the Graviton, there was even a Ferris Wheel. But the most exciting part to Heather was the Haunted House that was set up on the entire back half of the fair grounds. She had begged the guys to take her to the haunted house. Steve was a little easier to convince, but it didn't take much to get Jim to agree, too.

The trio walked along, taking in the sights and smells and sounds around them.

"What should we do first?" Heather asked excitedly. Hopper and Steve looked around, unsure what the best choice was. Steve spotted the carnival games and pointed that direction.

"Let me have a go at winning you something?" he grinned. Heather's dark eyes lit up and she and Hopper followed Steve over to the games. After a few rounds of dart throwing, Steve triumphantly handed Heather a fairly large sized teddy bear. Hugging the bear tightly against her, she grinned "I love him, Steve!"

Not to be out-done, Hop found the Feat-of-Strength booth. A few swings of the hammer later, and the guy manning the booth had handed him a stuffed puppy that he handed over to Heather as well. Squeezing both the stuffed animals tightly, she beamed at the two guys. "I love them so much" she said happily.

"Let me put them in the car for you, princess" Steve offered. He took off with them, leaving Hopper to walk with her through the vendor cart aisles. Hopper took her hand in his, lacing their fingers together.

The chill in the air died away as his hand engulfed hers. Squeezing her hand lightly, he seemed glad to let her lead him around.

They stopped at a cider tent and Heather bought three hot, spiked ciders for them. Handing Steve his when he caught up to them, the three walked along, sipping at their ciders. The nip in the air just biting their cheeks, Heather was loving every second of today. Walking around, spending time with the two most important guys in her life.

After they had tossed their empty cups, she took each of their hands and playfully tugged them toward the rides. It took some convincing, but she did get them both on the Graviton with her. As the doors slid shut, trapping them inside, they moved against the wall, and Heather took each of their hands again, squeezing as the ride started rotating. Grinning and clinging to Hopper and Steve both until the ride ended, she felt like a big kid, giddy at the dizziness the ride invoked. Hopper and Steve weren't as thrilled, so they moved on.

"Guys, I think it's time!" Heather said, excitement in her voice. Hopper sighed.

"I thought you may have changed your mind" he said.

"Oh no, you're not getting out of it that easily!" Heather laughed.

Hopper shook his head and grabbed her, pulling her against him for a second. "The things I do for you, woman" he said gruffly against her ear, sending shivers of delight down her spine. Laughing, she pulled away, only to grab his hand, and Steve's and pull them toward the Haunted House.

4. Day off with Hop

Sleepily, Heather opened her eyes. First her right, and then her left, squinting at the light filtering in through the bedroom windows. The old plaid curtains were closed, but they didn't do much but filter the invading sunshine. Filling her lungs, she took a deep breath of the chilly morning air, and burrowed under the blankets further. It was her day off, and she had no energy to get out of this bed in a timely manner today.

Moving her hands over the mattress, covertly searching for Jim, she felt around sleepily but coming up empty, she opened her eyes again and peeked out from the warm safety of her blanket nest. No Jim. Grumbling softly, she sat up further against the pillows and rubbed her eyes, yawning. Giving a big stretch before bringing her hand up to lazily comb through her bed tousled hair, she heard the front door close to the cabin. Before she could climb out from under the covers, the bedroom door opened, and Hopper stood there, wearing jeans and a black t shirt, his police jacket on because of the nip in the air today. In his hand were two paper cups and a crumpled paper bag.

"Morning baby. Thought we could start a lazy day off with some hot chocolate and doughnuts" he said softly, taking in the site of her nestled in his bed, still wearing the old faded 'Hawkins PD' t shirt of his that she had stolen last night before bed. A smile tugged at the corner of her lips and spread, as he moved into the room and set breakfast down on the nightstand table. Sitting up fully now and raising up to her knees, she slung her arms around him, and thanked him with a tender good morning kiss. As he put his arms around her waist and pulled her in even tighter, his beard tickling her cheeks and her lips, his kisses grew stronger. "You, woman. I don't know what it is about you" he said, his voice low and gruff near her ear. "I just..." "but he cut himself off, letting his lips trail from her ear, down her jawline, and back to her waiting lips.

Her hands helped him out of his jacket and it slid to the floor, and moved up to comb through his hair as their kisses grew more passionate and needful. The thoughtful breakfast was forgotten as Jim lay her back down on his bed, his strong hands running down

her sides. His blue eyes held her brown ones before their lips met again, hungrily. Jim's lips trailed again down her jawline, this time, continuing down her neck, pausing to teasingly nibble at the most tender spots, making Heather gasp.

Their bodies, a moving jumble as clothes hurriedly came off and yet they didn't want to lose skin contact for long. His moustache and beard tickled deliciously as he trailed kissed down her body. She squirmed underneath him, and he paused long enough to smile down at her, her dark hair splayed over his pillow, eyeshadow from the night before still faded across her lids. "You're so..." he seemed lost in his words for a moment, but he reached up cradle her jaw, his fingers reaching behind her neck as he caressed her cheek with his thumb. "You're so beautiful" he said softly, and pulled up for another long, hungry kiss.

The phone rang. The ringing cut through the cozy silence of the cabin. Heather paused, looking up toward the sound momentarily, Jim's face still buried in her neck, her hands in his hair. "Ignore it" Jim said against her neck. His hands moved down her body and found her hips, pulling their bodies together firmly. His mouth kissing and sucking down her neck slowly as he started moving his hips against hers, causing a moan to escape from her. After a brief silence, and just as Jim's lips were making their way to her left breast, finding the nipple and engulfing it, the phone rang again, making Heather jump slightly.

Hopper let out a frustrated groan, muffled by her flesh as he refused to move his mouth. Letting the phone rings die off for a second time, Hop raised his face to hers and smiled sheepishly. "Someone's persistent" he said. Laying his forehead against hers, his arms moving around her waist, pulling her toward him. "I love you" he said, simply and softly.

"I love you too" she told him, her arms folding around his neck, bring his body and hers as close together as possible. They lay there, holding each other, feeling the warmth of each other for quite a while. "I mean we already have breakfast, wanna just stay in bed all day?" she asked with a coy smile spreading across her face.

Hop's smile matched hers, and he nodded, kissing the top of her head

“That sound like a perfect plan. But I gotta do something first.” With that, he climbed out of bed, took the phone off the hook, and let the receiver drop to the floor, before returning to the warmth and comfort of her in the warm bed.